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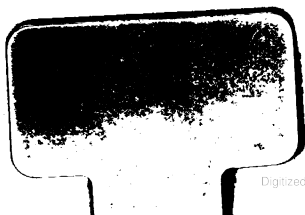
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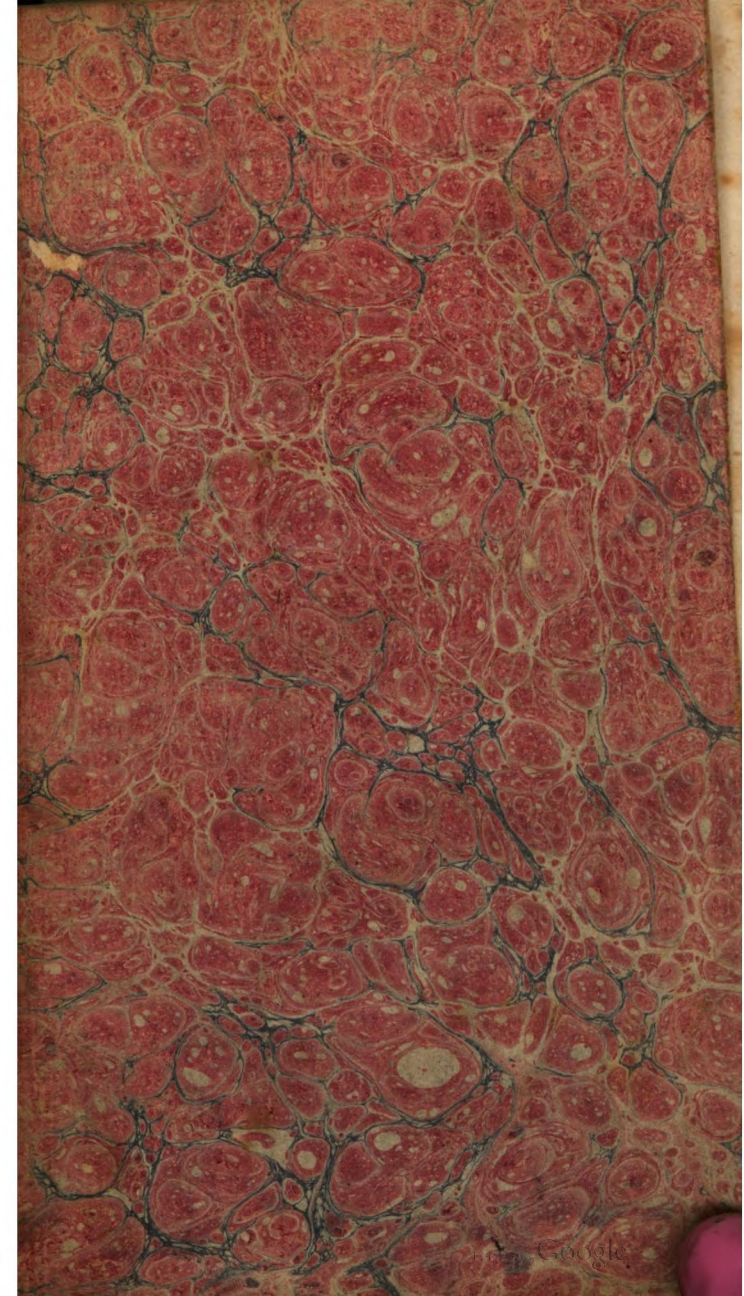
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1891

LETTER
TO THE
REVIEWERS OF "ITALY;"
INCLUDING
AN ANSWER TO A PAMPHLET
ENTITLED
"OBSERVATIONS UPON THE CALUMNIES AND MIS-
REPRESENTATIONS IN LADY MORGAN'S ITALY."

By LADY MORGAN.

"Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself,
and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task."—PORS.

"More rogues. but they are friends.
One is his printer in disguise, and keeps
His press in an hollow tree, where, to conceal him,
He works by glow-worm light; the moon 's too open—
The other zealous rag is the compositor,
Who in an angle, where the ants inhabit,
(The emblems of his labour) will sit curl'd
Whole days and nights, and work his eyes out."
Time Vindicated, B. Jonson.

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LETTER

TO THE

REVIEWERS OF "ITALY."

IT has been started as an objection to my work on Italy, that it had no Preface. Many reasons might be assigned for the omission :—one may suffice—I had nothing to say.

“ Talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,”

I had exhausted even my woman's garrulity; and was as weary of my pen, at the end of my two quarto volumes, as I had been of my carriage, at the conclusion of my two years' journey. Even still I should be unable to “furnish forth” a preface, had not the inditers of daily criticism supplied me with the necessary *de quoi*, by the blundering manner in which they have performed their task of filling up the interval, which has accidentally occurred, between the publication of my work, and the quarterly and monthly apparition of the “*All hails hereafter*.”

It is now, I believe, twelve or fourteen years since the supposed literary organ of Government gave the word to all subaltern scribes to bear down upon and attack whatever I should print : and the public will allow that the “rage-

muffins" of this "ancient Pistol" (who, by the bye, like Sir John Falstaff, has

"Misused the *King's Press* most ———,")

"have done their spiriting" faithfully, if not "gently." They have attacked me in every point where the woman was most susceptible, the author most sensitive. They have attacked my public profession, and private character, my person, my principles, my country, my friends, my kindred, even my dress. They have done every thing to injure, but—praise me; for, after all,

"It is their slaver kills, and not their bite."—

Hitherto, I have been, for the interests perhaps of truth and of literature, something too loth "to stir at these indignities." Even now, if I come forth among my nameless assailants, "I swear by yea and nay," or any other pretty oath, 'tis more in fun than fear—less in spite than sport. The shafts they have long let fly at me, and all that is dearest to me, have been shot from masked batteries, and "dipped in double venom." The arrow with which I return their assault, will fall poisonless, though not perhaps pointless. Mine, I trust, will be true lady's archery, fair, though irregular; my aim taken in the garish eye of day—my name announced—my cognizance blazoned—my device known—and my heart worn, as it always has been,

"On my sleeve, for (even) daws to peck at."

Thus simply armed and frankly avowed, unmasked, unshielded but by truth, alone in the midst of my ambushed foes, I take my ground;

"And as I truly fight, so help me Heaven."

The accidental circumstance of being born and educated in a land stamped with the impress of six centuries of degradation—the natural tendency of a female temperament to a prompt, uncalculating sympathy—and the influence of

that stirring quality called indignation (as often a constitutional as a moral affection)—gave a direction to my feelings, and a colour to my mind and writings, which from my "youth upwards" have remained unchanged and indelible.

Ireland, the country of my birth and my commiseration, became, almost in childhood, my inspiration and my theme; and with little reading, less judgment, but not one interested view, (for when was youth sordid?) I embraced the cause of the Irish Catholics, of whom, *personally*, I knew not one. Beginning with the adaptation of some old Irish melodies to old Irish tales, badly translated, I pursued my vocation, in riper years, through a series of national novels, which, had they been written with as much talent as zeal, might have been powerfully efficacious in the cause they advocated. They had, however, a rapid circulation both abroad and at home; and they excited some interest for those to whose service they were devoted.

Hitherto, as an Irish novelist, all my politics lay in my heart: but my subsequent visits to the Continent, by extending the sphere of observation, induced the necessity for research. I saw much, read much, heard much: and was aided by one whose sound judgment, philosophical mind, and firm principles, were well calculated to correct a woman's rapid inferences, and keep down the tone of a novelist's high-colouring fancy:—I had, besides, the benefit of the most liberal and literary society in Europe.

Under circumstances thus favourable, I was tempted to abandon for a time the track of inventive composition; and produced successively my "France" and "Italy." In these works I attempted to expose the evils of despotic governments, in opposition to the blessings and benefits of a representative government;—to display the fatal effects of a powerful and intolerant superstition, as opposed to the enlightened doctrines of rational and revealed religion. I did this (at a moment when the dogmas of Toryism ran

highest) at all risks and at all sacrifices. Profit, pleasure, and distinction, for myself, and for those whose sake they would have been most valuable, might have been the recompense of a more prudent direction of my trifling talents :¹ persecution, privation, and calumny, were the inevitable result of that line which, with more honesty than discretion, I voluntarily adopted.²

¹ This will not appear a vain boast, when the miserable stuff is considered, which fills the periodical sheets of the ministerial press; and which is purchased by pensions, places, and honours, more proportionate to the sacrifice of principle and of respectability required for its production, than to the literary talent evinced in its composition. Whoever writes for the interests of the public, must seek his recompense in the approbation of his own conscience. "Honours and emoluments" (says Lord Orford) "are in the gift of the Crown. The Nation has no separate treasury to reward its friends."

² As Reviews, political and literary, in France and England, were not found sufficiently influential in suppressing my writings, whole volumes were got up by the Ultras of both countries. One, for instance, was published by Colonel Du P—, now a member of the Institute of France. This gentleman introduced himself at my house in Dublin (having no other mode of making my acquaintance), where he was hospitably entertained, and presented to many persons of rank and fashion. A few weeks after his departure, appeared his book written against my "France." When Mr. Du P— read to me the complimentary passages in the opening of his MS. I little guessed the virulence which was to be displayed, upon a purely literary topic, in its subsequent pages.

Much about the same time appeared another work, which was said to be the production of the same person who translated my "France" so falsely, that I was compelled to protest against it in the French journals; and who brought out a garbled translation of Florence Macarthy, in opposition to one done under my own eye, to which he prefixed a life, less faithful and veracious than the translation itself. At the expiration of three years, appeared Mr. Playfair's "France, not the France of Lady Morgan," of which I know nothing but from

Had I, in the works alluded to, written one line offensive to public morals, it would have been amenable to the laws; and the laws would have had their course. Nay more, an inquisition beyond the laws would have summoned the author before its star-chamber tribunals; and never since the faggot was kindled, and the pile raised, for the unfortunate female victims of the ferocious Jeffreys, was dame or damsel so roasted, as the author of "France" and "Italy" would have been, if the familiars of this new holy office could have detected her in any one of those sins ascribed by the false witnesses of the ministerial press to her two last works.

The attack made on "France" in the Quarterly Review is too notorious to dwell upon. It produced an effect as unexpected by the author as the critic: it assisted to hurry on the sale of the work it was intended to suppress; of which four editions in England, two in France, and four

the extracts given of it in the papers (being abroad at the time of its publication). In these extracts, however, there were the foulest falsifications of my text: one in particular, in an anecdote respecting my friend Madame Jerome Bonaparte (Mrs. Patterson).

Criticisms and a biography of me, in a French publication, were also written, as I have reason to know, by two ladies (British) of notorious character, whom I refused to visit. Against "Italy" a heavy pamphlet has appeared, accusing me of "calumnies" against Lord Bentinck. This is said to be the production of a military officer, holding distinguished appointments under the British Government.

"Two women were condemned to be burnt alive, for indulging the sweetest of female virtues—compassion for the distressed. The Lady Lisle, widow of Lord Lisle, and Mrs. Gaunt."—Sir John Dalrymple, Reign of James the Second, part I, book ii.

For this and similar acts, James appointed Jeffreys Lord Chancellor of England on his return from the circuit, which, in allusion to its atrocities, the Royal Stuart was wont facetiously to call "Jeffreys' campaign!"

in America, were rapidly exhausted. Even the chiefs of the Tory party affected, in public, to be ashamed of the clumsy and ungentlemanly manner in which their work was done. In private, however, they—asked the Reviewers to their tables, on the strength of such exertions. But for the Quarterly, with respect to my writings, it has “its own quietus made,” and I have done with it.¹

“Italy” was published on the twentieth of June, and by the twenty-third, in three days, “nay, not so much,” some of the journals, hostile to liberal principles, had tried, judged, and condemned it; though one of the leading faults attributed to it was, that it consisted of two huge quarto volumes. By the first of July it was abused by almost every ministerial newspaper, journal, and magazine, which happened to be on service during the short interval.

And now, “ye wrath-enkindled gentlemen,” whose rage is excited, and whose loyalty is got up, at—so much per sheet, who review without reading, and are read without being reviewed, I would call you over

———— “Generally,
Man by man, according to the scrip,”

and I would show you off for the entertainment of the public, as showmen exhibit apes, not for their beauty or utility, but for the malignant ingenuity of their foul and mischievous tricks. I would “stir up with a long pole” that heavy nondescript, the Literary Gazette,² floundering

¹ The Quarterly may now write for, or against me, as it pleases—*c'est égal*. In all that concerns my writings, it has reduced itself to the state of a compatriot of mine, of inventive notoriety; who, calling one day at dinner for bread, observed to his neighbour, “I have told that fellow I want bread twenty times.” “He doesn’t believe you, dear,” replied his companion.

² The *Literary Gazette*, which was carried on with some spirit while under the direction of Mr. Colburn (now the publisher of decidedly the best and most amusing Magazine in

and flouncing in the shallows of its own eternal dulness ; I would "turn out" the Morning Post, the never-to-be-read and always-to-be-laughed-at Morning Post, which Ridicule has "marked for her own ;" and so on with the whole *ménagerie*, but that, just now, I have not time to do equal justice to all, and give "to each his due." I must therefore hold you over, as sportsmen bag their foxes, for a future chase ; selecting from your number one, who represents you all, and whose *review* of my work, made up of dregs extracted from the crucibles of the Quarterly and of Black-

England), has changed its character since it fell into the hands of the present editor, who has taken such pains to prove, not only, that on finishing the 1st vol. of my work, "the reader will have learnt little about the Italian cities, and nothing at all about the manners and customs of their inhabitants,"—not only that "he will have found instruction and amusement in scarcely one" of my pages,—but that Lord Byron is no original poet !!!—and that *he* should not be read. *En revanche*, however, he has always a stock of little Pocket Poets, of his own, on hand, which he fires off at the public with various seducing epithets :—one is "a modest genius," destined for immortality. Another is an "apostle of literature," worthy of his high vocation ! A third is designated as "that gorgeous poet." *En attendant*, every body runs after, and reads, Lord Byron (as well they may), and nobody reads the poetical protégés of the Literary Gazette, except the editor himself. As far as I have been able to trace the individuals who have attacked me anonymously, it will be seen that I have little reason to be ashamed of their enmity. This editor of the Literary Gazette, one of my bitterest libellers, notwithstanding his recent outcries against satirical writings, was formerly editor of that notorious periodical work "The Satirist," a publication, which to name is to describe. Various other facts, with which I am acquainted, relative to the history of this ci-devant reporter of the Morning Post, and editor of the Satirist, would go a great way towards satisfying the public, both of the grounds of his criticisms on my writings, and the weight that is due to them ; but, for the present, I forbear. I have ascertained his literary identity, and that is sufficient. Let his works speak for themselves.

wood's laboratory, is quintessential in all the properties by which each is distinguished:—the thing I allude to is the *Edinburgh Magazine* or *Literary Miscellany*.

The *Edinburgh Magazine*! Land of the learned and the liberal; land of the Humes, the Robertsons, the Playfairs, and the Leslies, can you suffer the time-honoured name of your lettered capital to be prefixed to such a thing as this? But nations, like heaven, must sometimes submit to hear themselves profaned, and to have their venerated names taken in vain for the worst of purposes and in the worst of causes.

And now, "Room, room, brave gallants." Trot him out here on his "pasteboard hobby," this lord of literary misrule, this critical Chronomastix² of the *Edinburgh Magazine*. So here he comes, backed by Messieurs Constable and Co. and the long house of Longman; who as they accompany their champion to the lists, and in their own names present him his "three-corner'd heater" or "round rondash," to shield him in the affray, must e'en abide the issue.

"Let the appellant's trumpet sound,"

The public "shall decide the victor's chivalry."

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, JULY 1821.³

Italy, by Lady Morgan.

"I trust," says Lady Morgan, "that, *in a woman's*

¹ "Edinburgh: Printed for Archibald. Constable and Co. Orders for the work should be particularly addressed to Longman and Co. London."

² "Chronomastix, a genuine name, it would seem, for the herd of libellists who infested those times."

W. Gifford, Esq. in his edit. of B. Jonson.

³ As my work on *Italy* could not have reached Edinburgh in time to have been read and reviewed for the July number of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, I have reason to think it was manufactured in London. It smells of the *Quarterly creature*! and whole phrases of abuse and invective applied to me in

work, *sex* may plead *its privilege*; and that, if the heart will occasionally make itself a party in the *concern*, its intrusions may be pardoned, as long as the *facts* detailed are *backed, beyond the possibility of dispute, by the authority of contemporary testimonies.*" We have always been accustomed to consider the words "*privilege of Parliament*" as the most vague and uncertain that the English language, or the English constitution, can boast of. In this opinion we have erred. Lady Morgan has practically demonstrated, that, of all the salvos ever entered, to impose on the credulity, or propitiate the favour, of mankind, that of "*privilege of sex*" is the most conveniently and mischievously general and comprehensive. Is a jelterhead of a country member laughed at by an opposition print, wherein his folly, his ignorance, his ductility, or his corruption, are animadverted on as they deserve? he rises in his place — denounces the daring offender — pleads

the review of "Italy," have been already applied by William Gifford, Esq. in his *furious* edition of Ben Jonson, to the victims of (to use a term of his own applied to Hurd) his "*insane criticism*"—the Malones, Whalleys, etc. etc. For instance—"What *language of reprobation* is sufficiently strong to mark the portentous ignorance, which could deliberately affirm that the homely and unadorned interlude in the *TEMPEST* exceeded in the splendour of its exhibition that of all the masks of Jonson?"—*Notes on the Mask of the Vision of Delight.*—Here is, word for word, the "*language of reprobation*" used to "*that Irish woman*" in the Edinburgh Magazine.

"Lord—that a monster should be such a natural!"—

Tempest.

¹ One would imagine, that this extract was taken from a preparatory passage in my work, in which I pleaded *sex* in abatement of *all criticism* upon the work generally; whereas, in fact, it is an observation made by the bye, on the subject of Milan, where the hospitalities I received, and the friendship I experienced, might, perhaps, have prejudiced my judgment, and hurried me into unintentional errors.

“privilege of Parliament”—and ends with a motion, which is generally carried, for providing the would-be patriot with cool apartments in Newgate. Here, however, the matter rests. The session of Parliament and the durance of the patriot terminate together; and the sinner issues forth from his opprobrious den to commit new trespasses, without, perhaps, encountering fresh castigation. But does an ambulating scribbler of bad novels indite two goodly quartos, every page of which, almost, is sprinkled over with more or less of Nonsense, Ignorance, Indecency, Irreligion, Jacobinism, and Premeditated Perversion of Facts? it is immediately hoped and “trusted that *SEX may plead its PRIVILEGE*, and that, if the *heart* make itself a *party* in the *concern*, its *intrusions* may be pardoned!” In the former instance, the offence, real or imaginary, meets with a punishment in some degree suitable and proper; whereas, in the latter, after every better principle of our nature has been outraged—after the laws and institutions of our country, and our religion, have been traduced and vilified—after the inveterate, the mortal foes of truth, religion, and social order, have been held up as paragons of philosophy, patriotism, and virtue—after we have toiled through blasphemy and Jacobinism, calumny and falsehood,—we are immediately called upon to respect “*the privilege of sex!*” and, on pain of being branded with inexpiable cowardice, to refrain from making a single tilt against such an enormous delinquent, merely because, forsooth, the “work” is “a woman’s!” The age of chivalry, alas! is gone by; and “a woman’s work” against which such grave charges are laid, must, no less than a man’s,—had *any* man ever written such a mass of revolting jargon and abomination,—submit to the dissecting knife of criticism. To give Lady Morgan the full benefit of our strictures, however, we shall take care to be most rigidly methodical.”

Thus far the accuser: his charge preferred against the

accused amounting to this—"that she is an ambulatory scribbler of bad novels!—of nonsense!—ignorance!—indecenty!—irreligion!—Jacobinism!—and premeditated perversion of facts!—one who has outraged every better principle of nature! traduced and vilified the laws, institutions, and religion of her country!—that she is an abettor of the mortal foes of SOCIAL ORDER!—a retailer of blasphemy!—Jacobinism!—calumny!—and falsehood!—and the author of a mass of revolting jargon and ABOMINATION!"—And this, the accuser calleth "*giving the accused the full benefit of his strictures!!*"—And now to the proofs. The Reviewer gives them in the following order :

"1. NONSENSE.—To convince our readers that we do not dive very deep for examples under this category, we shall transcribe the very first sentence of this monstrous literary abortion. "The *fables* of antiquity have *assigned* to the *Peninsula* of Italy a *golden age*; and history, sufficiently *vague*, but *better accredited*, has peopled its Eden plains with *confederated tribes*; and has covered regions with numerous flocks and plenteous harvests, where desolation now reigns over pestilential marshes." Here we have "fables" "assigning a golden age to a peninsula;" and "history," at once "vague" and "accredited," "peopling Eden plains with *confederated tribes*!"—that is, "confederated" *before* they "peopled the Eden plains;" though where this "confederacy" was first entered into, this petticoated ultra-radical has not deigned to inform us. In the sentences that follow in continuation, we meet with "Europe *subjugated* (enslaved) to slavery,"—"a race of a *mould* and *fibre swarming* and *violating*,"—and "an unknown *product* from the *foundery* of a new creation *thinning* the ranks of a refined degeneracy!"—In page 3,¹ "conquest" is said to be "consolidated by usurpation." This is one of a thousand instances of inversion of understanding that might be selected from the volumes before

¹ Vol. I. p. 4, Paris edit.

us. We beg to inform Miladi, that "conquest" "consolidates usurpation," not usurpation conquest. Bonaparte was a successful usurper, only because he was a great conqueror. Where did Lady Morgan discover that "the paradise" (Italy we presume) "lured" (what?) "from the plains of Egypt." We dare say there are Gypsies in Italy as elsewhere; but we really never heard that Ptolemy had ever reigned in that country, although we would be understood to speak with great deference to her Ladyship, who is obviously very learned in ancient history, having discovered many *facts* which had totally escaped the more obtuse perceptions of her predecessors. In page 7¹ we are informed that "hecatombs of Roman lives were offered up on the ratification of this alliance," (that between Eugenius III. and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa), "on the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul." What! was this alliance ratified by human sacrifices? We confess we cannot discover a glimpse of meaning in this odd piece of exaggeration and nonsense. There is not a whisper in history to justify such an assertion."

And is this the ignoramus you, Messrs. Constable and Co., have employed to review books of travels,—to whom you have committed the destiny of your literary miscellany? Oh, fie! Messrs. Constable and Co.! Though your Reviewer personifies pretension,

— "His discourse peremptory,
His tongue filed, and his general behaviour
Vain, and thrasonical,"

yet his ignorance appears through every line, and he obviously throws himself for information on the author he reviles,—upon the "*petticoated ultra-radical author*,"—with an unconscious simplicity that is very amusing. What! has he read *nothing* on the early story of Italy? Well, then, let him look into Virgil, Macrobius, Micali, Pignotti; and in those writers, ancient and modern, who

¹ Vol. I, p. 10, Paris edit.

have treated on the aboriginal state of Italy, he will find the authorities of all I have asserted on the "golden age, assigned by fables to Italy." Any one of the young men of the University of Edinburgh will point out the passages alluded to, and one among them perhaps will translate¹

¹ Notwithstanding one word of Greek, and a few lines of Latin, which this Chronomastix has borrowed to enrich his critique upon Italy, it is very evident by his shameful blunders, that he is utterly ignorant of modern languages. The Quarterly Review, denying that there was such a phrase as "*bouquet d'arbres*," threw the Ultras into dismay: but here is a gentleman mistaking the common Italian placard, "*qui si vende acqua vita*," which travellers read over every pot-house from Susa to Naples, for a "mixture of French and Latin;" because "*vende*" (pronounced *vendey*) looks like the French "*vend*" and "*acqua vita*" reminds him of the Latin "*aqua vitæ*." And on this presumption he declares that I know nothing of languages! In like manner he observes, that the custom-house officers would say, "*Ha lei qualche cosa per la dogana?*" and not, as I have put it, "*Niente per la dogana?*" If any Scotch teacher of Italian, in a provincial boarding-school, has told the Reviewer this, he has misled him. Any Scotchman who has been in Italy (and I have met many accomplished persons of that nation, abroad) will set him right on this head. The gruff, smoky Doganiero, who presents himself at the carriage-window, and raises his hand, without taking the trouble of raising his eyes, frequently permits nothing more than an interrogating "*niente?*" to slide out of one corner of his mouth, while the fumes of his pipe evaporate at the other. As he usually speaks the dialect of his own state, his Italian never reaches to the elegant Tuscan "*ha lei*." This it is to review books of travels, without knowing any thing of the countries of which they treat. All the remarks on my French are equally inaccurate,—for instance, the Reviewer says, the "*Coup de plat de sabre*" is wrong; that Lady Morgan should have written, "*Coup du plat de sabre*." The phrase, however, is to be found, precisely as I wrote it, in the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*, and in the "*Dictionnaire critique de la langue française*." This blunder of the Edinburgh Magazine Reviewer being mentioned to an old French officer, he ob-

for him (which I cannot stop to do) the following paragraph; in itself a sufficient authority for all I have advanced on the subject :—

“ I poeti chiamarano secol d'oro il tempo di quei regni

served, “ *Si l'on voulut dire, qu'une personne a reçu le coup d'une autre, en disant, il lui a donné un coup avec le plat du sabre, cela voulut exprimer que ce n'était pas avec le tranchant, que l'individu fut frappé, mais avec le plat du sabre; coup de plat de sabre, est la phrase militaire pour une espèce de châtiement militaire, trop connu de nos armées sous l'ancien régime.*”

But this is nothing—he has invented sentiments for me, expressive of the most shameless libertinism that ever disgraced any work, male or female; such as “Lady Morgan calls having but one wife at a time, a privation of virtue.” I appeal from this *false witness*, to the readers of “Italy.”—Another fabrication, equally gross, is the following: “With all the self-satisfied assurance of the most complete vanity, she tells us, that Hannibal, according to Livy, crossed the Alps by Mount Cenis.” I refer the reader to vol. first, page 24.¹ The passage thus misconstrued, purposely and knowingly, is as follows: “From such a site as this Hannibal halted his Carthaginians, and pointed to the recompense of all their arduous undertakings—from such a site as this, the Lombard Albion passed,” etc. etc. etc.

“The moon shines bright—in such a night as this,
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan wall.”

—————“In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand;”

say Lorenzo and Jessica—and yet, they did not mean to say, that on that particular night in which they were seated in PORTIA's garden, TROILUS “sighed his soul to Cressida,”—or Dido

“Waved her love to come again to Carthage.”

Of Livy, his name, or authority, there is not a single word;—and yet this is the way I have been always reviewed! the object being, *coute qui coute*, to stop the sale of my works, and prevent my writing at all.

¹ Vol. I. p. 24, Paris edit.

che la lor fantasia seppe abbellire con le più seducenti narrazioni, mentre che la riconoscenza nazionale collocò in cielo i nomi di quei benefattori dell' umanità."—L'Italia avanti il dominio dei Romani.

From the same sources he may derive information on the early confederacy of the Italian States; of which Micali observes, "*Tutti questi popoli riuniti con vincoli d'una comune origine, traevano, ciò non ostante, dalla religione e dalla politica, il principal fondamento della lor concordia sotto la tutelar custodia di una nazione CONFEDERATA.*" vol. i. p. 149.

"We meet (observes this Pseudo-Reviewer) with Europe subjugated (*enslaved*) to slavery." But according to my Irish bog-latin, "subjugated," from its derivation, means literally "passed under the yoke!" It is related that the Romans did so upon an occasion—

"Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting;"

but they were not therefore enslaved! The Reviewer is referred to any Roman History (abridged for the use of Young Ladies).

"In page 3," adds this Captain O'Blunder of the Edinburgh,—“in page 3, Conquest is said to be consolidated by Usurpation; but I beg to inform *Miladi*,¹ that Conquest *consolidates* Usurpation!"

Oh, my Chronomastix, you may "tell that to the Marines," but the Cæsars and the Napoleons would never

¹ This epithet of "*Miladi*" is meant to be wit, but it cannot pass for originality. It has been worn threadbare in the service of Blackwood's Magazine, who received it, a little the worse for wear, from his Dublin contributor:—thence it passed to the "Morning Post;" and is yet deemed worthy of adoption by the Editor of the Edinburgh Magazine. But wit is like cookery,—

—————"Et souvenez-vous bien,

Qu'un diner réchauffé ne valut jamais rien.—*Boiteau*.

have believed you! *They* were Conquerors first—Emperors afterwards; and they consolidated the conquests, which gave them an influence over the opinions of their fellow-citizens, by usurpations, which gave them power over their rights.

“Where? (continues *mon imperturbable*!) where did Lady Morgan discover that the Paradise (Italy, we presume,) lured from the plains of Egypt?” etc. etc. etc.—Call you this reviewing?—“Call you this backing your friends”!!! Messrs. Constable and Co.?—Why *Goodman Dull*, Lady Morgan found it in such works as her Reviewer evidently never heard of—in *BUONARROTI*—in *MAFFEI*—in *MAZZOCHI*—who all differ in some respects, though all agree that the early inhabitants of Italy had their origin in ancient emigration. “*Chi la ripete dall’ Egitto!*” (says Pignotti)—*chi dai Canei; chi da questi e dai Fenici*,” etc. etc. etc.

“In page 7 we are informed, (continues the Reviewer of “Italy,”) that hecatombs of Roman lives were offered up on the ratification of this alliance between Eugenius III. and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, on the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul!—What, was this alliance ratified by blood? we confess we cannot discover a glimpse of meaning in this odd piece of exaggeration and nonsense. There is not a *whisper* in history to justify such an assertion.”

To this I answer, not in the History of “Jack the Giant killer”—but there is, in the splendid “History of the Italian Republics,” by *SISMONDI*—and in all other histories, which treat of this notorious epoch of the middle ages. “*Mon Cousin, voilà une belle occasion pour apprendre à lire*”—as D’Argenson said to the illiterate Bignon, when he was appointed librarian to the King.

“In page 17¹ we meet (observes *my* Bignon) with the following passage :

¹ Vol. I, p. 25, Paris edit.

" 'For while the classical annals of Italy, with all their vices and crimes, make a part of the established education of England, the far nobler history of the Italian Republics, *les siècles des mérites ignorés*, remains but little known.'— It is impossible to determine whether ignorance or nonsense predominates in this passage. The classical annals of Italy, of which Lady Morgan knows about as much as the man in the moon, do certainly make a part of the established education of England, and we rejoice that this is the case; but we should certainly insult the understandings of our readers, were we to attempt to vindicate the study of the classical annals of Italy, teeming as they do with great and immortal examples of patriotism and virtue, or to expose "*the portentous ignorance which could describe*" the study of the history of the *puny*, ferocious, and sanguinary Republics of Italy—of the crimes of such men as the Duc de Valentino, and Popes Alexander and Clement—as far nobler than that of Numa, of Tarquin, of Brutus, of Cæsar, of Pompey, of Augustus, or of Cicero."

The *puny* Republics of Italy!! What then, I ask, was the state of Rome in the times of the Numas and Tarquins? A cluster of wicker huts, resembling the miserable creaghts of the Irish Rapparees: while the marble capitals of Italy, the glorious works of the Ocragnas, the Bramantes, and the Michael Angelos, still attest the splendour of the Republics of the middle ages, their wealth, extent, and civilization. For the Valentinos, the Alexanders, and the Clements, devoted to *execration* as they are in the pages of "Italy" (where probably the Reviewer first learnt any thing about them), they were much of the same sort of persons as the Numas and the Tarquins—(and I should like to know, *par parenthèse*, which of the Tarquins is the Tory reviewer's favourite and model for the study of British youth)—like them, impostors and tyrants, affecting a divine right to trample on the liberties of mankind. Their system was long continued in Europe:—in England it ended

¹ See note in Edinburgh Magazine.

with the Stuarts; and not all the Tory magazines in Great Britain—not even “ours” of Edinburgh, will bring it back,

“*Though inclination be as sharp as ’t will,*”—

But the examples of study held up by the accused in her work, are not the Valentinos and Alexanders—they are the Capponi—the Strozzi—the Ruccellai—the Sydneys, Russells, and Hampdens of the Republics of Italy.

“Leonardo da Vinci” (says the Reviewer, who accuses *me* of nonsense) “employed upon his *Supper!* Our readers will doubtless feel curious to know how long this learned painter was occupied in *eating* his supper!!! We blush to say we really cannot satisfy them!!!”

“Leonardo’s Supper,” it is well known, is the common as well as technical term given to Da Vinci’s picture, and not “Leonardo’s great master-piece, Christ’s last Supper,” as the Chronomastix of the Edinburgh Magazine supposes. And does the Reviewer blush here? Let him keep his *reviewing* blushes for greater instances of ignorance than he has yet betrayed; for I have not yet done with him.

“3. INDECENCY.—This may appear an extraordinary category under which to class the sins of ‘*a woman’s work*,’ yet truth compels us to speak out. Many of the passages in this book are of a kind to shame a rake of any sense and judgment; and whenever an opportunity occurs, we invariably find her Ladyship sporting her badinage, her lascivious descriptions, and double entendres, with a freedom, facility, and expertness, that may startle weak nerves. We shall only produce one of the least exceptionable instances of this sort of transgressions, and refer our readers to the rest. We dare not pollute our pages with the odious stuff which this ultra-radical in petticoats disports so much, *con amore*.

‘Wishing to visit the triumphal arch at Susa (the first and almost the last perfect monument of antiquity to be seen in

Italy till Rome is reached), we were told that it stood in the gardens of the Governor, behind the fort. On ascending to its gates, we were received by a veteran, who, for a trifling *douceur*, admitted us within the walls, and presented us, not to the 'warder bold,' but to the Governor's *house-keeper*. The keys of the fortress seemed to hang from her smart French apron, and *some* visitants might have found that there was 'more peril in her eye than fifty of their swords.' There was a saucy mock humility about her, indicating one, *who, though hired to serve, remained to rule*. As we returned, under her escort, from visiting the arch, we encountered the Governor, a most admirable dramatic figure, in full uniform and powdered toupée. 'Shall I present you?' said she, and, without waiting our answer, tripped up to him, continuing, 'Here are two Signori, [does her Ladyship mean two gentlemen?]' who wish extremely to see your Belvedere.' The *arch look* with which she said this, let us into the secret of the Governor, that his belvedere was, for the present, his *cheval de bataille*. It was a little pavilion at the extremity of a bastion: beneath were the *Pas* [*Quære pays*] *de Suze*,²

¹ No, her *Ladyship* means to give the *Italian Idiom* as an Italian spoke it; "Signori" is the term always addressed to a company of both sexes.—The "Addio, Signori," the Italian salute, on entering a room where both sexes are present (tantamount to Good-day, ladies—gentlemen), was, I remember, always translated into French by one of our Florentine visitors (ambitious of speaking that language), by "*bon jour, Messieurs*."—Such ignorance as this critique indicates, would disgrace the editorship of a two-penny ballad. Have the "Signori" Constable and Co. no Italian corrector of the press, to correct also their Reviewer?

² ("Quære pays.")—This "quære pays" is worth millions!!!—*Est-il possible?* (as the stupid prince of Denmark used to say to his father-in-law, James the Second, upon all extraordinary events), *est-il possible*, that a Reviewer, hired by such publishers as Messrs. Constable and Co.—whose "communications" probably were "*particularly addressed to Long-*

and the vales of Piedmont; above hung the snowy Alps; and torrents fell, and streams trickled on every side. The Governor was the very epitome of the *Vieille Cour*. He walked with his hat off, showed us his flower-knots, and praised the English, by whose advice and whose assistance fortresses once more rose, and gallant governors and pretty housekeepers ruled them. Nothing could be more theatric than the whole scene. The old sentinel, with one arm, smoking his pipe, under a broken arch; an old gardener, in a faded regimental," etc.

The *proofs* given in the *counts* of this indictment of *indecenty* are marked in reprobating *italics*,—they are "*Housekeeper!*"—"*Hired to serve, remained to rule!*"—"*Arch look!!!*"—"*Cheval de bataille!!!*"—"*Pas de Suze!!!!*"—"*Vieille Cour!!!*" and "*Gallant!!!!*"

Alas! for such phrases as these am I to incur the odium of indecenty!—the worst a woman can sustain, the last she would choose to bear!—Indecency! These are curious times!—Princes might recal, if they would, the days and manners of the Charleses and the Louises!—they might take a mistress from the stage, or choose her from the Red Bench, and exhibit the offspring of their illicit loves in public and in private society, and yet I doubt if one of those *moral* censors, those pure supporters of the "social order" who fall foul of my "*indecent anecdote*," and write down "*Housekeeper*," in *Italics*, would even, by inference, or innuendo, attack these privileged violaters of decency and decorum!

" My simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks,"

for the purpose of intimidating the ignorant and the shallow man and Company, London," should make a *quarrel* on the "*Pas de Suze!!!!*"—Should he start a doubt on the *Pas de Calais*, he is lost! Even Messrs. Constable and Longman will find him out on that point—that will be a *faux-pas* indeed!

from reading a work, where the nefarious system, by which alone such creatures can thrive and flourish, is courageously attacked, and frankly exposed.

The next charge brought forward by the Reviewer is—

IRRELIGION!!!—"In page 3,² vol. 1," he says, "the CHRISTIAN Church is described as founded in sacrifice, etc. etc.—This is pretty distinct as to her Ladyship's creed; and though compelled to do so in justification, we cannot but solicit the indulgence of all serious and religious persons, who may take the trouble to wade through this article, for contaminating our pages with the following,—the last extract which we shall produce under this head,—referring merely to the pages where further examples may be found in abundance, by all those who desire more. 'Meantime, some devotee, who paid dearly for the privilege, tottered under the burden of an immense black Christ, larger than life; while another pious athlete bore a white Christ of equal dimensions!' Vol. I. p. 249.³ At his leisure, the reader who desires further specimens, may consult the fol-

¹ This art was first resorted to by the Quarterly, and it then invented that odious calumny by a distortion of facts, which Mr. Playfair has copied, and which has been kindly refuted by some generous person whom I do not know, in the Gazette Historical, Political, and Literary, of July 9, 1820. I give the passage:—"The first count in the indictment runs thus—'The indecent story about not finding a *Maid* in *Diëppe* to represent the *Virgin*, is not fit for a book that gets into the hands of young people, who have either religion or virtue.' Does he know that Lady Morgan says *no such thing*—that she never asserted that a maid or a virgin could not be found in *Dieppe*, but the *image of the Virgin to carry in the procession*? The Revolution had spread such desolation, that when processions were revived by Louis XVIII, the priests could not find in the chapel an *effigy* to represent the person whose festival they commemorated. Before Mr. Playfair again quotes a passage for the purpose of criticising it, we would recommend to him rather to consult the original work, than any false and prejudiced misrepresentation of it."

² Vol. I, p. 4, Paris edit.

³ Vol. I, p. 374, Paris edit.

lowing pages of Vol. I. 23, 30, 188, 200, and 249; and of Vol. II. 86, 149, 179, 211, 274, and 412.¹ This last is quite horrible, and except this woman, there is not, we are convinced, another *English* writer that would have penned so atrocious an outrage on all religion and decency. Our very blood almost curdled to read it. But we must advance with our ungrateful examination."

The anecdote given in this insulated and distorted way, is part of a description of a religious procession, annually performed at Genoa, revived and protected by the King of Sardinia. The terms "*Cristo nero—Cristo bianco*," are taken from the royal and sacred program of the festival. The King of Sardinia stands accountable, and not the author, for this article, with which the immaculate of the Edinburgh has *contaminated his pure pages*. It may be added, that in page 3, Vol. I, there is no such term as the "*CHRISTIAN Church*," it is "*a weak invention of the enemy's*:"—for the pages alluded to by numbers, they are the best refutations of the whole charge, and to them the public is referred.²

"6. PREMEDITATED PERVERSION OF FACTS.—This is a grave and serious crimination, and the proof shall be as complete as the vice here indicated is odious and revolting. Our first example shall be from p. 12 of Vol. I. Francis

¹ Vol. I, pp. 34, 45, 280, 299, 374. Vol. II, pp. 178, 276, 320, 367. Vol. III, pp. 1, 208, Paris edit.

² In reply to these charges of immorality, etc., once for all, I appeal from the Reviewers to the works themselves. Let me be judged by what I have written; and not by the commentaries of my enemies, or the dislocated and insulated passages they choose to put forward for their own purposes. It is somewhat singular that of these zealous advocates for public decency, there are few (whose names and histories are known) whose lives will justify their hypocritical pretensions, and who have not, at some period of their literary existence, been guilty of the very sins they so eagerly attempt to fix on the opponents of their newly adopted politics.

³ Vol. I, p. 18, Paris edit.

(I.) when a prisoner in Spain, and weary of confinement, pledged his honour to the Emperor that he would return if permitted to visit his dominions. When he reached the frontiers of France, he burst into a fit of laughter at Charles's credulity; and arriving at Paris built a little pavilion, and calling it Madrid, took possession of it, with '*Me voici à Madrid.*' Now this story is as false as it is ridiculous, and what is more, Lady Morgan cannot but know that it is false. Will any human being, that is in the smallest degree acquainted with history, believe in the 'credulity' of the Emperor Charles V., or that *he* would have been the dupe of such an artifice as that recorded above?"

For the violation of the pledged oath of Francis the First, and the Pope's absolving him from it, Robertson, Müller, and Sismondi, may be adduced as evidences; and the main fact being established, the episode of the Pavilion, even if apocryphal and given on insufficient authority, would have been no grave offence: but the anecdote of the *Pavillon de Madrid* is as notorious as the *existence* of the *Pavillon Marsan*, and it is possible the Reviewer may know as much of one as the other.

"Of the same freedom," he continues, "with historical facts we have another example in page 26, Vol. I."

'The French army, under Louis XIV., became the slavish agent of the most egotistical ambition; and the excesses permitted to his troops diminished their popularity, and corrupted their discipline. The disasters which closed and disgraced his reign left the people discontented, and the troops degraded. The military system continued to degenerate under Louis XV. The foreign foe was the least formidable enemy the army found to encounter. The battle of Fontenoy was nearly lost, *because forty thousand men were left beyond the reach of cannon-shot* to guard the person of the king, and his ambulating harem. The councils of war, held in the king's cabinet, were presided

¹ Vol. I, p. 38, Paris edit.

by his mistresses, and governed by courtiers, whose interest it was to counteract the unhappy commander, who could do nothing without the court.'

"We had lately occasion to consult, with reference to an historical inquiry, nearly every thing that had been written on the subject of the battle of Fontenoy; and even in the periodical publications of 1744 and 1745, many of which were in the hands of the mortal enemies of the French monarch, we never found the least hint of such an absurd and monstrous piece of conduct as the king hazarding the loss of the battle, by retaining 40,000 men to guard himself and his '*Ambulating Harem*.' We disbelieve the story *in toto* as inconsistent, both with authentic history and with itself; and we aver that an author of any veracity would never have produced it unless accompanied and fortified by the most undoubted authority."

To this the author replies, that military campaigns and periodical publications of the day are not the works where anecdotes of courts and cabinets, and the tender indiscretions of Kings, are to be found. And she refers for her authorities to the numerous Mémoires of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth. The "Story," and much more curious matter than she has dared to bring forward, will be found in the "*Mémoires Historiques et Anecdotes de la Cour de France du tems de Mad. Pompadour*," and in a work of much higher character, by Mons. Du Clos, Historiographer of France, and Member of the Académie Française—his well-known "*Mémoires secrets sur les Règnes de Louis quatorze et de Louis quinze*."—As to the "story" of the "*Ambulating Harem*," which is "disbelieved entirely," faith must be involuntary; but of the fact there are but too many evidences,—some of them are melancholy enough. The beautiful though unfortunate Duchess de Chateauroux

¹ Of this very curious work, Baron Grimm observes, "On ne saurait douter de l'autorité de cet ouvrage; il tient un milieu fort intéressant entre le genre des mémoires particulières, et celui d'une histoire générale."

was the sultana of this *ambulating harem*. She had taken Agnes Sorel as her model, and urged the King to join the army, whither she accompanied him with most of the ladies of the court: the *queen only*, and her few faithful friends, being denied this distinction. At Metz, the King was seized with a distemper supposed to be mortal; the Bishops (one of them a Fitzjames), and the Jesuits who surrounded the couch of the royal invalid, insisted on the removal of the Duchess; and the King permitted a *lettre de cachet* to be issued against the unfortunate woman he had seduced from innocent obscurity. The King recovered, dismissed his bishops, and took back his mistress! who shortly after died by poison—the fate of her younger sister and predecessor in guilt, and in the affections of Louis XV.* Should the Reviewer in the *loyal* Edinburgh Magazine startle at such *royal* anecdotes as these, and cry—

“A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear this tell-tale woman
Rail on the Lord’s anointed!”

I must refer him to the pleasantest of all works, written by the best of all Tories, the Stuart-loving Evelyn—there *are*

* The eldest sister, Madame de Mailly, had preceded the two others, and, horrible to say, shared the guilty honours lavished on the youngest, Madame de Vintemille, who was said to have been poisoned by Cardinal Fleury;—a probable calumny, though he was her declared enemy. Madame de Mailly died in penitence, and in despair, ordering her remains to be buried near a common drain, as unworthy a more honourable sepulchre. Such was the atrocious profligacy of the court of Louis the Fifteenth, even before the reigns of the Pompadours and the Du Barrys,—and such the fate of the Sultanas of that *ambulating harem*, of whom the Reviewer could find nothing in the account he read of the battle of Fontenoy, or in the periodical publications of the years 1744-45.—But it has been long held out to such flimsy critics, as a warning, that “a *little reading* is a dangerous thing:”—sooner or later, pretension is inevitably found out.

stories of royal harems, stationary and ambulatory, to make his hair stand on end! For what is a French King carrying his mistress to the wars, to a King of England taking his with him to Church? Evelyn, a better authority than "*periodical publications of the day*," describes Charles the Second receiving the sacrament with his natural sons, in the presence of their various mothers, whom he (Evelyn) so often and so quaintly calls "*these cattle*."

And here I might rest the merits of my cause, nor wear out the patience of the umpire I have chosen, by going farther into that tissue of dull malignity, and slandering ignorance,¹ which makes "the benefit of the strictures" on "Italy" in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, and which is, in fact, a "brief abstract" of all other attacks on my work. And if I do once more "*draw my arrow to my head*," it is not in my own defence! It is in the cause of one, on whom I have most unintentionally drawn down the most unmanly, most libellous, and most unfounded attack, that ever was levelled at a female character, in the pages of a periodical publication. This is not the place to pause and mark the origin and describe the object, and the end, of all literary criticism; to refer to the times of Longinus and of Horace—of Vida and Boileau—of Roscommon and Buckingham—or even to the epoch when periodical Reviews succeeded to individual criticism, and were first founded in England by such men as Smollett, Franklin, and Priestley. These are all great names. They belonged to men of eminent genius, devoted to the true interests of

¹ Among "*the miserable trash indited by this woman, this ignorant and foolish woman*," are placed, as words unknown, "*caducity*,"—"adhesion,"—"domesticity,"—"Romanticism," (the designation of a literary sect in Italy, of which a history is given in the work reviled)—"*ultramontane*," and many other words the Reviewer supposes I *coined*:—"duc-tile dulness," a phrase of Pope's, he calls nonsense, and so on with the rest: this, however, is the way I have been always reviewed.

literature and public taste ! men who, having in their own immortal works proved their capacity for the high calling they pursued, were—

“ Supreme in judgment as in wit,”
and—

“ *Might boldly censure, as they boldly writ.*”

Their strictures, however, were confined to works, not directed to persons ! They reviewed books, not authors ! and applied their critical acumen to literary errors, and not to human infirmities.¹

The first number of the Quarterly Review founded a new era in the history of literary criticism ; and young and insignificant as I then was, *I*² was chosen as the subject of an experiment which was to prove the possibility of hunting down principles and books obnoxious to the spirit in which that publication was got up, by bringing in calumny, invective, and misrepresentation, to the aid of critical strictures and literary observation. The plan was followed up from time to time, in various publications, and with various success, according to the nerves and spirit of the chosen victim to which it was applied. It sent the sensitive, the ingenious Keates, to an early grave ! It first struck at the reputation, and then at the life of the unfortunate Scott ! The cowardly and the cold-blooded, who, secure in anonymous ambuscade, and indemnified, as it is too reasonably supposed, by their high employers, for any pecuniary

¹ When the unfortunate Mary Robinson read the attack of Mr. Gifford, who, in reviewing her works, exposed her infirmities, she is said to have exclaimed, “ *Earth hide me !*” Her prayer was heard !

² The Quarterly, alluding lately to that attack, *supposes I might then have been young* ; and the *Quotidienne* of August 4, 1821 (the “ *New Times*” of France), improving on this hint, observes, “ *Lady Morgan, long tems connue dans le siècle dernier, sous le nom de Miss Owenson,*” etc. etc. “ *long known in the last century by the name,*” etc. etc.

damages they might¹ incur by their libellous attacks on private character—of such men, each and all, it may be said that their dark bile—their constitutional cruelty—their malady—or their malice, must have found vent somewhere, and that “*S'ils n'avaient pas écrit, ils auraient été assassins.*” They have, however, taken up the safer, if not the better trade. But still, not even in that “*Boss of Billingsgate*” the Quarterly—to whose Editor, woman seems a creature of natural antipathy!—not even in the blood-stained pages of Blackwood's publication, have such epithets been applied to a female, of any description—(even of the worst)—as the Editors and Proprietors of the Edinburgh Magazine have permitted one of their writers to give to a woman who is not an author—with whom a literary criticism could have had nothing to do—and who is a gentlewoman—a Princess—and, according to the Jacobite principles of Toryism, is the legitimate Queen Dowager of England,—I mean Louisa Princess of Stolberg, Countess D'Albany, widow of the late James Edward Stuart, the last of the Pretenders.—The paragraph here alluded to in the Edinburgh Magazine is as follows :

“ Lady Morgan would persuade us that the Countess of D'Albany was the wife, and not the HARLOT of Victor Alfieri, merely because this poetical mad-cap thought fit, in one of his wild humours, to honour her with the *epithets* of *La Donna mia* (*La mia Donna*). The reason of this assertion of *falsehood*, which every one knew to be such, was, that THIS ADULTRESS on one occasion deigned to converse with *Miladi* from her box, at the Opera, and to talk of Alfieri, an honour which she could not do less than repay, by a paltry and MENDACIOUS attempt to whitewash a strumpet who had dishonoured the *last* branch of the royal House of Stuart. It is universally known in Italy, as Dr. Moore has long ago informed us, that Alfieri's con-

¹ See the account of the damages paid by the Editors of Blackwood's Magazine, in the Scotsman.

nexion with the Countess of Albany was just of that simple and convenient sort which generally obtains in the land of Cecisbeos (*Cecisbei*) and Cavalieri Serventi. We may, therefore, dismiss this *Fornarina*, as Lady Morgan, but for the words of condescension at the Opera, would have called her, with the slender ceremony which our country accords to ladies of her caste.¹ Lady Morgan farther tells us, for she is determined to make a case, that the husband was 'brutal.' Certainly a husband that refuses to pander to the libidinous propensities of his *faithful* wife, deserves to be pilloried as 'brutal.' When a husband has once been injured, he is sure to be abused by all women of loose morals !"

Upon the *language* of this paragraph I shall say not one word ; but I owe it to the Countess D'Albany to state, that when I was in Italy (and I call upon Lord Burghersh, the British Minister at the Court of Florence, to bear witness to the truth of what I state) that lady was held by the British and Tuscan governments in the highest consideration ; receiving marked attention from the British ambassador and his lady ; and from the Grand Duke and Archduchess, his daughter ;—visited in form by all the royal and all the distinguished personages who came to Florence ; and presiding over a circle the most illustrious by rank, by talent, and by virtue, to be found in any house in Europe.²

¹ Raphael's *Fornarina* was so called from her being the daughter of a *fornaro*, or baker. Nothing can justify the gross perversion of applying this epithet to a daughter of the house of Stolberg.

² Among the distinguished persons whom I remember to have seen in the saloons of Madame D'Albany, in my last visits to her, were their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Royal of Denmark (the Princess is heir to the throne, and daughter of Matilda of England, sister to his late Majesty), their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Wirtemberg,

And now, my "lord of literary-misrule!" my **CHRONOMASTIX!** my anonymous assailant of the *Edinburgh Magazine or Literary Miscellany*, I dismiss you!! You may back your hobby, and retire from the lists; grateful for the distinction which has been accorded you in being thus pre-eminently held up to public derision, as best representing the corps to which you belong.

"Away! — wretched Impostor!
 Self-loving Braggart!.....
 Scorn of all the Muses!
 Go revel with thy ignorant admirers;
 Let worthy names alone."——

For you, Messrs. Constable and Co., whose names appear prefixed to a work, to which the TONSONS and the DODSLEYS would scarcely have lent theirs, I call upon you for your thanks. It is not improbable, that your *Literary Miscellany*, but for *me*, might have been confined to the admiration of the tea-table *coteries* of obscure villages, or the subscription reading-rooms of provincial towns;²

his Highness the Prince of Mecklenberg, the Duke and Duchess of Alva-Berwick (nephew and niece to the Countess D'Albany). To these and other illustrious foreigners were added the whole of the British aristocracy then resident at Florence (a most numerous and brilliant circle), who were most generally presented to the Countess by the British Minister. The Countess D'Albany never goes out of her own house in the evenings. Even her visits to the Archduchess are paid in the morning. She told me she had not been at the opera for twenty years. So much for the anecdote of my gratitude for the notice "she honoured me with from her opera-box." I blush to enter into such particulars, where a person of Madame D'Albany's rank and years is concerned. With respect to the first ranks of European society it is unnecessary—for to that class she is universally known; but I owe it to her, and to myself, that no class should remain ignorant of the foulness of the attack made on *her*, merely to wound *me*.

² Great efforts are made in a Sunday ministerial print,

or those still lesser but pretending circles of "*benign cereuleans*," who put up with "*the cheap and dirty*" of

"*The Guardian*," to keep the *Edinburgh Magazine* afloat. Both are supported by my old "*sworn foes*" of the Quarterly. Extracts from the article on "Italy," were copied from the *Edinburgh* into the "*Guardian*," for the special edification of its Sunday readers; for, zealous in the work of personal defamation and party rancour, "*Sunday shines no sabbath-day*" to these *soi-disant* supporters of religion and social order.—In a late number of the "*GUARDIAN*," it is observed, in its eulogium on the *Edinburgh Magazine*, "*There is a great deal of sound sense, and judicious criticism, in this periodical work.*"!!!—Of the "*sound sense*," the extracts here given of the "Review of Italy" (nearly the whole of the article) may suffice; and of the "*judiciousness of the criticism*," it may be observed, that nothing like an analysis of the work criticised is attempted! nothing said on its scope, nature, or object, or of the style or character of its details,—no fair specimens are brought forward, for or against it; and the whole "*judicious criticism*" of the "*Guardian's*" protégée, amounts to a furious *tirade* against a chosen victim, made up of gross falsehoods, coarse invectives, and the calling of names which better belong to the peculiar warfare of St. Giles's than to the pages of a literary Review. What, however, is most curious in all this, is, the close affiliation of these *black bands*—these periodical marauders upon fame, character, and reputation.—It is some of the leading "*chefs de brigands*" of the Quarterly, who have enrolled a division of their corps,

"*The cankers of a calm world,*"

under the banner of the "*Guardian*," who supply the *Edinburgh Magazine*! contribute to the *Courier*! and direct the operations of the whole of the ministerial press! and if they sometimes

"*Lead their ragamuffins where they are pepper'd,*"

their defeat in one instance only originates a new plan of attack in another.—They "*change but the name,*" and then—

"*The creature's at its dirty work again.*"

second-rate monthly critical Reviews! But now I prefix the prize-article of your Magazine to the front of volumes destined to circulate through Europe, through America, and to reach all British colonies wherever British enterprise has placed them. My French publisher shall affix your "*Review on Italy*," done into the dialect of *les Halles*, to the second Edition of his translation; and, thus preserved, your Magazine may be quoted by future and foreign literati, as a curious specimen of the low state to which criticism and periodical publication were brought in Great Britain by PARTY SPIRIT, in the beginning of the 19th Century; and, still more, it may serve as a proof of the contempt in which such works were held by contemporary writers—even by one whom they most reviled, and that one—a Woman!

In dismissing the Edinburgh Magazine, a word may be said concerning the British Critic, which, in its review of "Italy," gleaned much of its raw material from the pages I have just examined.—The British Critic is edited by a clergyman, its contributors are clergymen, and its readers are said to be exclusively clergymen! From such "*spirits pure*," much might have been expected, and whatever, in their opinions, were my "*manifold sins*," still I might have hoped more from *their* Christian mildness, than from the uncharitable severity of my laical judges.—To their pages belonged 'a tone of evangelical reproof! a pious effort to lead the sinner to repentance! a fair summary of errors, and a gentle exhortation to recant them! I might have expected this the more, because all the heterodoxy of my work is confined to a preference of Christianity to human substitutions and depravations—the New Testament "*without comment*," to the *British Critic*—and the Apostles and Fathers of the primitive church, to the Cardinals and *Canterburys* of more *canting* times.

The review of Italy, however, in the British Critic, is *not Evangelical!* the Reverend Reviewer declares himself, it is not even to be, what all reviews ought to be,

"*analytic*,"—he means it, he says, "*to be rather synthetic*;" and the following passage, copied verbatim from page 113 (August, 1821) affords a specimen of his notion of that term:

"It is a sight" (says the Reverend Reviewer) "right pleasant to behold, when man and wife differ very much from cat and dog, when the opposite elements of male and female disposition are so equally intermingled, that the *matrimonial animal*, which is the produce of the two, seems to possess more of individuality than of composition."

This paragraph is curious, as coming from a Protestant divine; that it should be a "*sight right pleasant, that man and wife should differ from* (those proverbial opponents) *cat and dog*," may be an opinion of the Reverend gentleman's, drawn from a fatal experience of its rarity; though I seek not to penetrate the "secrets of the" *parsonage* "house." But the figurative term of a "*matrimonial animal*," though haply "right pleasant," seems rather a light and laical expression as applied to that "*honourable estate, which signifies unto us the mystical union between Christ and his church*."

This "*synthetical*" *début*, however, of the Reverend Reviewer, is only intended as an attack—not on my book—but on my attachment to my husband, on the coincidence of our opinions, and the unity of our sentiments, which his Reverence, in a tone of what *he* thinks "right pleasant" irony, terms an happy "androgynous organization"—"a beautiful accord of intellectual hermaphroditism!" For "man and wife" not to live "like cat and dog" may be a palpable innovation (in the *Reverend's* opinion), a symptom of radical reform, and a vile attack upon the social system!—it may be a *state* which *he* and (to use his own phrase) his "conjugal Yoke-fellow" may never have endured;—but surely, whatever may have been *his own* private sentiments on the subject, it is hardly

accordant with the sanctimonious gravity of that "church and state" breviary, the BRITISH CRITIC, to make married happiness and unity the subject of a sustained and "right pleasant" ridicule, through two whole pages and a half.

Included in this "*Synthetical*" attack upon the poor "*matrimonial animal*," there are two others of equal importance and severity: the one "touching" my husband's name; the objection made to it being, that it may confound him (with those *unlearned* in the Red-book) with a "*worthy Baronet*," who "*genuinely* writes himself Sir Charles" (says the Reverend Reviewer); "*we* need not inquire how far the worthy Baronet is pleased. *What will Mrs. Grundy say to this?*"

The other crime alledged against me is, my husband's profession!—for 'tis in vain to conceal it—he *is* a Cambridge graduate physician! a circumstance which affords the "*ungentle dulness*" of my Reverend Reviewer a peg to hang a joke upon, by an application of the worn-out line,

"A knight, hight of the burning pestle."

These personal attacks, which "*follow close*," and are too dull and tedious to re-copy, the Reviewer in the "British Critic" calls "*keeping clear of the analytic*." He then proceeds to inform his readers that he also means, in his review on "Italy," to "*reject all superfluous ornament, all the arabesque of anecdote, piquant bon mot, private memoirs, etc. etc. etc.*" But even those "potent, grave, and reverend signors," his habitual readers, might perhaps have been just as well pleased to have found "the arabesque of anecdote," the "*piquant bon mot*," quoted in his pages, as that violent *tirade* against that "monster," that "*matrimonial animal*," conjugal unity in sentiment and opinion, which, whatever may be the private feelings of their *Reverences* of the BRITISH CRITIC, may not induce them to *crier au scandale!* and to feel the "Church in danger" from such mistaken

advocates as this. The Reviewer then proceeds to show, by misquoting and misrepresenting every line he touches on, that *we* (the *matrimonial animal*) "lived without paying *for our victuals*;" that "an introduction to the Casino Nobile of Milan, is like going to drink tea at Cumberland Gardens; that "the apothecaries of the north of Italy have their attainments mixed up with philosophy and general information," etc. etc. etc. These grave and deliberate falsifications of an author's text, may be part of the "*Church polity*:" if this be the case, the interests of "social order" are at stake, and the author sacrificed, like the victim of former times, may writhe, but cannot resist, under the knife of the high priest, who performs the rites of immolation. The Reviewer having hinted that I kept bad society as well as good, that I was ill received by the great, and I was well received by the *lowly*, because, says the Reverend and *delicate* Reviewer, "the vomit of a Nobile is the feast of a Cittadino," sums up my character as an author, and the nature of my work, *thus synthetically reviewed*, by the following quotation—

"Therewith she speyg'd out of HER FILTHY MAW
A flood of poison, horrible and black;
Her VOMIT full of bookes and papers was."

Having thus for the present settled a part of my account with the professional reviewers, it remains only to make a very few remarks on the pamphlet already alluded to, published under the title of "Observations upon the Calumnies and Misrepresentations in Lady Morgan's 'Italy,' respecting the British transactions in that country in 1814-15;" a work attributed to a Military Officer. I am, however, but little disposed to trespass on the reader's patience, by a detailed examination of this Work; because, like Mrs. Malaprop, my critic is so polite an arguer, that almost every word he says makes for his opponent; and because the whole question is before the public. If this gentleman is not a professional reviewer, he seems sufficiently prac-

tised in the craft; and has condescended (as far as any thing bearing the appearance of gentleman can do so) to adopt its jargon and *persiflage*, seeming equally to regard a difference of political opinion, as a sufficient cause for placing his opponent beyond the pale of human courtesies. The very title-page of his book, as applied to a subject upon which two honest opinions might be held, and appended to a work which *contradicts no material fact* that could have come within the cognizance of the author he attacks, if not in itself a "calumny" and a "misrepresentation," is at least a "discourtesy," which comes with a more especial ill grace from one whose very first charge against me is a want of courtesy to Lord Bentinck. For the private and personal character of that Nobleman I have the highest respect; and I should be most sincerely grieved, if in the heat of discussion, I had "travelled out of the record" to pen a single word that could hurt his feelings. But when an individual enters upon a public office, he renders himself amenable to the tribunal of public opinion; and I do not think I have written one syllable concerning Lord Bentinck's public conduct in this instance, that has not been asserted both in and out of Parliament, by persons, like myself, having a personal or epistolary intercourse with the inhabitants of Italy.

With respect, however, to the main point at issue between my anonymous opponent and myself, his own Work is my best defence. It is no refutation of "calumnies"—it is no contradiction of facts; but a mere special pleading upon the case; and surely it is little creditable to a ministry, that its public policy should require to be defended, upon verbal subtilties and equivocating distinctions. The whole dispute, stripped of this casuistry, resolves itself into these points: Did the English Government promise independence to the Italians? and, if it did, did it keep its promise?

Now the truth of my assertions, as to the first particular, is not impugned; and the consequences I have thence

drawn, are opposed only by a demurrer, that I (and the Italians with me) have mistaken the meaning of the term. The following are the critic's own words—"Now, admitting as we freely do, that in these proclamations the Italian nation were told that the independence of their native country would be the result of their exertions.....it will remain to be ascertained what this independence meant; and what former epoch in Italian history was alluded to;" (p. 5 and 6). The term, however, is susceptible of but two significations; that usually given to the word (an exemption from foreign controul and interference), or the state of the sovereignties before the Revolution. But whatever meaning diplomacy may affect to assign to its own words, in order to conceal a wanton deception, it will hardly have the insolence to define "independence" the subjugation of Genoa to Piedmont. In fact, however, the words used in Lord Bentinck's proclamations were, *faciamo sì che l'Italia ciò divenga che ella già fu NEI SUOI TEMPI MIGLIORI*. "Let us make Italy what it was in its best days;" which, with respect to Genoa, could mean nothing else but the restoration of its Republic to its ancient purity. Upon this demurrer, however, a second is founded, namely, the impossibility of fulfilling the promise thus interpreted.—"If these mystical words, *independence* and *former happiness*, had no such meaning, and that Great Britain and the Italians between them were to expel the French from Italy, and then leave that country without any government at all,.....or to take the Herculean task of forming the whole discordant mass into one monarchy, &c. we must unwillingly admit, that the government of Great Britain when they authorized, and her organs when they issued, such proclamations, were nothing less than madmen, or idiots, or rogues;" (p. 7). Giving my opponent the full benefit of this alternative (which I, at least, never disputed), I can only leave the public to make its own commentary on the text of the proclamations.

But, as if the critic were dissatisfied with his own quib-

ble, he proceeds (p. 8) to argue that the Italians, not having co-operated with their English and Austrian invaders, were not entitled to the benefits of the promised independence. What degree of co-operation might be expected from a nation garrisoned by the French armies, I know not; but the effect of the proclamations was certainly to paralyze any exertions which the Italians might have made against an enemy such as Austria (the object of six hundred years' aversion), when coming as an open conqueror. But if there is any individual so besotted as to believe that the most determined abandonment of Napoleon's system on the part of the Italians, would have induced the Austrians, "in any possible case, to lend themselves to measures" involving their legitimate claims on Italy,—or would have caused the British cabinet to interfere for the protection of Italy from Austrian aggression, I am willing that, with that individual, my critic's argument should have its full weight. In this, as in all other instances, the defence of the allied cabinets is placed by this gentleman upon a casuistical sophistry, of which few persons, accustomed to reason or to feel, can long remain the dupes. In the case of Genoa, the best authorities I had the opportunity of consulting on the spot, agreed that an active resistance of the inhabitants to the English invasion, must have prevented that city from falling into our hands. As to the assertion, that complaints came exclusively from the partizans of Napoleon, it is a miserable sophism, calculated to captivate the English ear, and beneath reply.

In page 11, it is asserted, that, "in no case could the British cabinet be persuaded to lend themselves to measures involving in them a contradiction of the principles of legitimacy." Why, then, does not the house of Brunswick surrender the throne? or if this be too much, why did our cabinet deprive Genoa of its legitimate sovereignty, and give it to an usurper? But, above all, why did it issue the proclamations which form the ground of this discussion? This metaphysical abstraction of "legitimacy," full

of sound, but signifying nothing, is never used but to cover fraud or violence, and to rebut the great principle of a nation's right to govern itself.

In p. 12, it is said, that "the Emperor of Austria's being a tyrant is *false*." *It is not false*. He who governs despotically, his word alone being law—he who imprisons whom he pleases, and takes what taxes he pleases, is a tyrant; and the universal hatred of this Emperor's Italian subjects confirms the appellation. What is added, "though perhaps if his subjects were more loyally disposed, his rule might become less severe," is a cold, unfeeling sarcasm, that would hardly be expected from a Turk. If the mass of the British people concur in thinking that Lombardy owes *loyalty* to Austria, it would be well, at once, by an act of parliament, to put an end to the British constitution, in order to prevent the high-minded and independent few from consuming time, means, health, and life, in a vain attempt to avert inevitable despotism.

In p. 15, it is asserted, that I falsely state the flag of independence to have been displayed on the Bocchetta; a mountain, I believe, unfortified, where consequently no flag could be displayed. My critic must have known (if capable of understanding English) that the expression was equivalent to the common figure, "the flag of England floats upon the Thames; the French ensign flies upon the Seine." The fact is in itself indifferent, and I cannot but think it was seized upon for the sole purpose of misleading the public.

With respect to the manner in which the cession of Genoa took place, I have described it upon the concurrent testimony of many Genoese; namely, that the Sardinian flag was hoisted one morning unexpectedly to the inhabitants, and to their utter consternation. As for what the critic adds, that "I express my astonishment (perhaps my regret) that the garrison was not massacred," the following are my words, "and yet the Genoese did not rise *en masse* to massacre the English, the violators of a trust so sacred!

To the glory of the Genoese be it recorded, that even in the bitterest moments of disappointment and suffering, they did not accuse the British military." I appeal from this "*officer*," to the slowest intellect and most vulgar mind in Europe, if he has not foully slandered me in this particular. As to "the English taking all they could get," the context equally shows that this refers only to the hospitality they experienced; and cannot be construed, with any decency, into a charge of dishonesty against our military—a crime foreign to their character and habits.

So much then for the "calumnies and misrepresentations" of which I stand charged by this anonymous pamphleteer. That I do not agree with him in his slavish, sycophantic, and let me add, un-English conclusions, is my misfortune; I can neither get place nor promotion by my sentiments. I hope the same is not the case with him,—the labourer is worthy of his hire.

For this obtrusion upon public notice, I beg to solicit indulgence, and to offer my excuses.

Literary disputes, between authors and their critics, were formerly subjects of mere literary interest, to literary circles exclusively. To the world in general they were topics of indifference, or matter for ridicule. The warfare of such

"Phantastical phantasms,
Such unsociable and point-device companions,
Such rackers of orthography,"

as worried Pope and annoyed Sterne, was still made within the pale of literature. But in the present day, criticism, under the cover of a periodical review of books, has become the means of attacking principles, and a very efficient source of political and ministerial influence. In a country where books and their authors can no longer be burned, and where the liberty of the press is still upheld by the illumination of the people, an effort is made to neutralize its blessed effects by a covert attack upon all the vital interests

it supports. A host of professional writers, whose vocation lies in their necessities, urged by interest and unrestrained by principle, have ranged themselves under the standard of corruption, for the purpose of undermining the constitutional liberty of the land, by merciless assaults on all whose writings tend to support it; while, under the licence conceded to their anonymous and political warfare, pique, envy, or invidiousness are permitted to scatter their random shots, in personal slander or calumnious misrepresentation.

But a few more deaths like Keates' and Scott's—a few more vilifying and unfounded accusations, such as my sex has not saved me from—and life endangered, character blasted, feelings wounded, and indignation preying on itself, as it stifles, in its proud and spirited contempt, the prompt defence to the vile assault which has roused it—all must tend to terminate a conquest unequally supported by the exposed few, and the hidden many; in whose favour, the generosity or indifference of the public must soon determine.

With respect to the general interests of literature, it may be advanced without fear of contradiction, that they have been more injured than benefited by the prevalency and influence of periodical reviews. Even the best and first of such publications have been accused of national partialities, of personal predilections, and of being subjected to the influence and interests of the publisher for whom, and in whose name, they are edited; while with respect to the whole corps of professional literary umpires, it is undeniable that their works have tended to check the free play of public judgment, by forestalling its decisions; have enfeebled public taste, by pretending to guide it; have thrown literary opinion into leading-strings; and while, by imposing commentaries and scanty analyses, they have saved the indolent the trouble of reading, and the shallow the pains of thinking, they have supplied dogmatizing pretension with a tempting assortment of ready-

cut and dried decisions, upon works unknown to it in the original; and thus furnished it with the means of giving the law in society, from whence those more highly gifted with original views and independent judgments withdraw in disgust, if not in intimidation. It is also from the multiplicity of periodical reviews of every calibre, and of every price, that the sphere of blue-stocking coterie-ship has been extended, and that literary discussion, in more enlightened circles, has been placed under the ban of ridicule; for all fear to share that "dread laugh" raised against those Messieurs Trissotins, who prey on the pages of periodical publications, as silk-worms feed on less noxious leaves, and spin out again the light nutriment they have imbibed, until the flimsy fragile web, though it catch none but gad-flies, usurps and supplies the place of stuff of nobler texture, and more sterling material.

Literary Reviews were made for mediocrity—they have done nothing for superior genius; they are the converse of Falstaff's proposition on wit. Good works, in the present day, have succeeded in despite of their calumnies, and bad ones have failed in spite of their support. In the past days of literature they did not exist. When Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Jonson, and Dryden wrote,—those great *landmarks* of British literature! there were no Reviews. These writers started fairly and unimpeded, for the goal of immortality! and reached it,—and if one name, destined to be added to this glorious list, was not "*obscured in its original brightness*," if it had not its brilliant dawning hurried into untimely obscurity; it was due to the young and firm nerve of him, who stood the brunt, and returned the shaft hurled at his aspiring genius;—a shaft which, had its aim succeeded, would have deprived this age of the poet, whose name in after-times may, perhaps, most distinguish it.

And now, about to withdraw from the lists, which I entered with more *gaieté de cœur* than I depart withal, I cannot take my leave of that public, to which I have

appealed, without offering some acknowledgments of my sense of its protection and indulgence, which have almost rendered the foregoing defence against unfounded charges unnecessary. It is to the support of that public I owe it, that in spite of the shoals and shallows, which have impeded my literary course, I have still been enabled to keep my little bark afloat. Pirates, and privateers, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, with their letters of marque from high protecting powers, have opened their broadsides, and played off their small arms in vain.—Public opinion was still my pilot; and, towed safely into port by its assistance, I have never yet been run a-ground. The price given for my last *venture* from *Italy*, a price (says one of my critics)

“ Enough to bear a royal merchant down,”

is the best answer to those who have endeavoured to undervalue the cargo.

SYDNEY MORGAN.

HERMITAGE,
September 15, 1821.



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